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THE

OFFERING;

CONSISTING OF

ORIGINAL PIECES IN PROSE AND VERSE:

INTENDED

FOR THE USE OF YOUNG PERSONS.

PORTSMOUTH:
PRINTED BY W. HARRISON.
AND MAY BE HAD OF
LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, GREEN, & CO., LONDON.

PRICE, ONE SHILLING.

1832.

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PREFACE.

In offering the following pages to the public, I am actuated by the hope that they will be found acceptable to teachers and parents employed in the important duty of educating Youth in the paths of piety and virtue.

The beneficial effects of divine and serious Poetry on the minds of Children, has ever been universally acknowledged, and so long as religion is estimable, so long as the inculcation of piety continues an object of the first importance in forming the minds of the rising generation, so long will books of devout poetry be found in the library of childhood.

In the compositions contained in this small volume, I have endeavoured to adapt the language and imagery to the capacity of *all*, and at the same time to avoid that familiarity of expression and metaphor into which, those who write exclusively for the use of children are liable to fall.

The extreme brevity I have used, in my attempts to enforce the doctrines of morality, in the several Chapters of that article entitled "*The Miscellany*," will be readily accounted for by those who join with me in the conviction, that a truth when presented to the youthful mind in a few simple words, will be attained and remembered; whereas the same fact adorned with the splendid imagery of genius, enforced by argument, and supported by reasoning, will but tire the imagination and perplex the understanding, if the lesson be divested of that perspicuity and conciseness which ought to form the basis of *all* instruction that is offered to the youthful capacity.

My view has been to raise the heart of the oung reader to its Creator, and to represent iety as the source of all moral excellence; and

PREFACE.

I hope the intentions with which I have written, and the principles I have sought to instil, will obtain that indulgence from criticism to which I fear the style and literary merit of the publication will afford me but a slender claim.

Bishop's Waltham,
1832.

HYMN.

Great God of Life ! to thee
The offering of my youth shall be,
The blossom yet unblown,
Before thine altar, Lord, is strewn.

To thee the bud is given,
Accept it, gracious God of Heaven,
Keep it by day and night,
From sin's fell blast and sorrow's blight.

Cast on the opening flower
A golden beam, a softening shower,
Sustain the slender stem,
Prince of the chosen Bethlehem.

From passion's whirlwinds free
The infant bloom that's given to thee,
Preserve the spotless leaf
From stain of earth, or touch of grief.

Behold it as it stands,
Just glowing from its maker's hands,
From infancy to youth
Preserve it, gracious God of Truth.

And when thy sun has shed
Maturity upon its head,
Then, in that dangerous hour
Entwine it with thine arm of p

And when the evening blast
Its beauties on the desert cast,
Still with a parent's eyes,
Regard the ruin as it lies.

And when the ripened bloom
Is laid within its earthly tomb,
Stretch forth thine hand, and save
Its essence from the yielding grave.

New-robed in beams of light,
Bear it to yonder azure height;
There, planted by thy throne,
To bloom eternally thine own.

THE MAGNIFICAT.

The Song of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

My soul to God shall raise
A rapturous chaunt of joy, and hymn a song of praise;
And my glad spirit sings
A strain of gratitude to Him, the God of Gods
of Kings!

For he has bent his head,
And round his humble handmaid's brow a glorious crown has shed;
And now my name shall be
A blessing in the mouth of Man to all eternity.

For He, the God of Might,
The Prince of Peace, the Lord of Light,
Whose name is holy, He hath bid me stand,
And take a robe of glory from his gracious hand.

And He that was, and is the same,
Shall shew to them, that fear his name,
The banner of his mercy, and from race to race,
Will pour on all the children of his love, the blessing of his grace.

His kingly arm is bent;
Pride lowly bows her crested head, and to her grave is sent;
The mighty of the earth are crushed,
And suffering Poverty is raised a Sovereign from the dust.

The cup of Want is filling fast,
And Plenty from her throne is headlong cast;
For He the gracious Lord,
True to his plighted promise and his kingly word,

Guards with his arm his chosen race,
Showers on his own a flood of grace,
Which, on his Israel's brow becomes a star,
That all mankind may worship as it brightly beams afar.

THE EXILE,

To the last Beam of Sun upon his Native Lan

Why beamest thou to throw
A light upon me as I go,
When every step of mine
Divides the spirit from the shrine?

The jewel from the case,
The mourner from the place,
Where Consolation throws
A smile upon the dying rose?

More welcome to my sight
The darkest shades of night;
For lingeringly and slow,
An exile from my home I go.

To seek in foreign lands,
To ask of foreign hands,
A shelter for the brow,
Abandoned, joyless, homeless now.

My home, farewell! farewell!
May peace around thee dwell;
Though still my foot must be
An alien, wandering from thee.

Farewell! my all of earth,
And wilt thou cast me forth,
Abandoned and alone,
To seek another home?

Another! let the dove
Forsake her youthful love;
Then I will taste of bliss
In other home but this.

Or let the rising sun
Forget his race to run;
And then my soul shall cease
To idolize my home of peace.

Let morning fail to rise
In glowing grandeur in the skies;
And then my weary breast,
In other lands, shall find a rest.

TO THE ROSE.

March wreathed for thy embryo form,
A garment of wind and storm;
April enamelled thy stem
With many a soft-falling gem;
May cradled thy fair infant head,
On a sunny and brilliant bed;
June crowns thee, thou beautiful flower,
The queen of her glorious bower;
Death watches the precious and sweet,
And July is weaving thy winding sheet;
Yet mourn not, for still thou art dear,
When thy beauty is laid on its bier;
For the hand that has formed thee has thrown,
A token to mark thee his own;
And His breath is upon thee, to show,
The fragrance of Eden below.

MODESTY

Modesty is the dau
does she separate hersel
the side of her mother;
there dutifully attending
this her cherished daught
charming veil in her hand,
throws over her beloved pa
Merit look so lovely, never do
teresting, never does she win t
beholders so completely, as w
this simple, graceful ornament b
the hand of Modesty.

THE MISCELLANY.

CHAPTER I.

Although the paths of Virtue may
commencement appear strewn with tho
at every impress of our feet we create a
dying flower.

Waste robs Poverty with one hand, and
Vice with the other.

When Judgment walks after Fancy she h
but let her guide Fancy and she walks steadily.

We seldom value a blessing when it is our own, but when we mourn for its bereavement we rightly appreciate its worth.

By associating with Vice we shall familiarize ourselves to his deformity, and by so doing we shall pass the first barrier of Virtue.

The most brilliant ornament in the coronet of Rank is Affability.

When Sorrow is in her infancy, weep with her; when in her maturity, employ her; when she is old, reason with her.

Take not the offered hand, which in striving to clasp your's, wounds the form of Virtue.

Dissipation is the daughter of Idleness and Wealth, she frequently precedes the steps of Guilt, and the goal to which she runs is the grave.

Hope shakes trouble from her side, while she drinks of the cup of Joy from the hand of Imagination.

When Despair seeks to enter the abode of Piety, Faith repulses her with one hand, and with the other points to the seed bursting from its shell.

Confidence is the first born of Affection, and her mother so dearly loves her that she exists but in her presence.

The castle of Repose is reared by the band of Industry.

He who would avoid sin must shun the paths that lead to it,

Prayer exists in the heart, words are but her clothing.

A MORNING HYMN.

Great God of kingly power and might!
Pour down upon my opening sight
One beam of thy ethereal light;
And as on earth I bend the knee,
My soul shall take her flight and be
Enthroned in immortality.

Thine be my earliest thought and prayer,
For thine has been the tender care,
Which guarded me when none was there;
Thine was the eye, and thine the arm,
Which kept me with a powerful charm,
From aught of danger or alarm.

And thine the word which bids me rise,
And rest again my opening eyes
Upon the brightly beaming skies;
And thine, my gracious God and King,
Shall be the purest offering,
That mortal gratitude can bring.

With thine own hand direct me on,
Until again yon rising sun
His course of brilliancy has run;
From sin and sorrow keep my breath,
Preserve me from the stroke of death,
Thou gracious Lord of Nazareth.

But if his arm is bent to slay,
My Saviour! bear my soul away
From its frail tenement of clay;
From his dominion set me free,
Give me to rise and worship thee
In Heaven, to all eternity.

AN EVENING HYMN.

My God! be thou about my bed,
Do thou, upon my sleeping head,
The blessing of thy presence shed;
My God! receive my soul this night,
Preserve it till the morning's light,
Then give again its brilliant sight.

Pour down a holy ray of rest,
My Father! on this weary breast,
While calmly of thy love possest,
I close my eyes, at peace with all,
And as in Sleep's sweet arms I fall,
On thee my God and Saviour call.

And if this day has been my last,
And if around me Death has cast
A chain invisible, yet fast,
Then be my trembling soul thy care,
Then let a minist'ring Angel bear
My latest thought, my latest prayer,

To find thy presence in the skies;
If the expiring ray that dies
This night, before my closing eyes,
Shall show to me my last of earth;
Then, Father! fail not to shed forth
Thy glory on my future path.

Pour down for me a holy ray,
To guide me on the trackless way,
That leads to an eternal day;
Prepare for me a crown of grace,
Give me to rise to that blest place,
Where Angels view their Saviour's face.

There, where a Seraph's harp is strung,
There, where a Cherub's lyre is hung,
There, where an Angel's hymn is sung,
Give me to join that holy band,
Who day and night link hand in hand,
Around thy throne in Heaven to stand.

THE SPRING FLOWER.

There is a little flower
That meets the April shower,
That rears its slender stem,
Spring's earliest gem.

It lifts its humble head
Above its parent's bed,
Clad in the modest hue
Of simple blue.

This slender bud is seen,
Ere wood or plain is green,
From winters dreary tomb,
The first to bloom.

This child of April yields
Perfume o'er woods and fields;
Ere peeps another flower
From Flora's bower.

It is the first to bring
A token of the spring:
It speaks of sunny hours,
And summer flowers.

Ere Summer birds are seen,
Or mountain tops are green,
While Winter lingers yet,
We see the Violet.

"*Father! forgive them for they know not what they do.*"

St, Luke chap, 23, verse 34.

Forgive them, Father! angels bear
The accents of the Saviour's prayer;
They waft them to the distant dome,
Where sits the judge upon his throne.

Forgive them, Father! shall we say
That God will turn his face away,
When slaughtered Innocence can pray?
And shall his ever righteous hand
Pour pardon on the murderous band,
Who round their dying victim stand?

And can a mortal vision scan
This thought beyond the reach of man?
Not unassisted shall I dare
To speak the issue of this prayer;
But, Father! pour upon my sight,
One ray of thy celestial light;
So shall I turn my eyes to thee,
And thy all righteous judgment see.

Forgive them, Father! all in Heaven
Await the signal to be given,
Which pours forgiveness upon Crime,
Or crushes him with wrath divine,

The avenging hand is raised to throw
The burning thunderbolt below;
God sees the sinless sacrifice,
He gazes with a Father's eyes,
A parent's love is urging forth
A tide of vengeance on the earth

Forgive them, Father! tis a charm,
God strikes not with the upraised arm,
The slaughtered for the slaughterers pray,
The thunderbolt is turned away;
Yet on her throne stern Justice stands,
Her pointed weapon in her hands.

And shall that never erring dart,
Find dwelling in the murderer's heart?
The arrow in the bow is laid,
The debt of sin is yet unpaid,
She pauses, and she turns her eyes
Towards the ruler of the skies.

Forgive them, Father! Mercy bends,
And to her God the sounds she sends.
Shall Mercy or shall Justice win?
Christ dies, he pays the debt of sin,
The skies are rent, and Jesus stands,
The Cross of Calvary in his hands;
Father, forgive! upon my head
The tide of vengeance has been shed;
Father forgive them; 'twas for this
Thy son forsook his home of bliss;
The vials of thy wrath are drank,
Christ knelt! the arm of Justice sank;
She lies beneath the Saviour's feet,
Mercy is smiling on her seat;
Sinner, REPENT! upraise thine eyes,
The Cross is gleaming in the skies.

DISCONTENT.

Discontent is the child of Sin, and Sorrow is her inheritance; her mother at her birth places a cup of poison in her hand, and instructs her to apply a drop of the liquid to every wound which the arrows of Fate inflict upon her breast.

Discontent fails not to obey the counsels of her parent, and whenever the dart of affliction pierces her heart, she adds new poignancy to her sufferings, by the irritating quality of the mixture which she distils into the wound; nay, so dexterous is she in the art of tormenting herself, that should the hand of Destiny avert the shafts of Fate from her breast, she nevertheless uses the gift of her mother, in creating that agony for herself which Cruelty must pity, and not even Enmity could wish her victim to endure; for so corrosive is the poison bestowed by Sin upon this her favourite daughter, that it does not only add anguish to the wounds already given, but will create them where they are not; and so intent is this child of Misery in imposing suffering on herself, that rather than welcome Happiness, she will oppose her approach with the fatal cup she holds. So earnest is Discontent in employing the cruel dowery she has received to her own destruction, that she will empty the poison she inherits, drop by drop, into the cup of Joy, when it is offered to her lips; in vain Friendship, in vain Love himself, endeavours to sooth the distress of the unhappy victim; not the endearing, the persuasive accents of Friendship, not the soft blandishments of Love can ameliorate the sufferings of Discontent; her agonies are self imposed, they are voluntary; and no medicine can avail the patient who chooses sickness rather than health. In vain does Pity, in vain does Charity approach her; Pity can but weep over her; Charity can only mourn for her: even though Wealth should place all his numerous gifts within her hand, although Rank should grace her brow with his most brilliant coronet, although Power should give his sceptre into her grasp, still does Discontent refuse to taste of happiness; still does she spurn Peace from her side; still does she invoke Sorrow for her companion. It matters not that Fame crowns her with her deathless laurel, or that Affection offers her the sweetest flower her wreath contains; Discontent refuses to be blest, she prefers misery to happiness; she closes her eyes when peace woos her in the form of hope, she places her hand within the hand of Affliction, and vows to be hers for ever.

THE CONTRAST.

Content is the first born of Virtue, she is nurtured by the hand of Piety, the temple of Peace is her inheritance, and joy waits upon her footsteps. The dowery which Virtue bestows upon her child at her birth is a flower, and this flower is the loveliest of Nature's creation; its leaves are always green, its buds are lovely to the eye, and fragrant to the sense; Content is taught by Virtue to place this flower in her breast, and whenever she feels the dart of affliction rankling in her heart to press the leaves of this, her inestimable present, closely to the wound. Piety instructs her beloved pupil, that the name of this treasure is patience, and that with patience the votary of Piety must never part; that she must place it in her bosom as a shield alike from the darts of Sorrow and the shafts of Sin; that she must value her mother's dowery as the safeguard of her existence, and the badge alike of her pure descent, and of her claims to happiness,

Content thus endowed by Virtue, and instructed by Piety, fails not to profit by the counsels of those she loves so well, and with her mother's gift at her side she feels that she is invulnerable to the shafts of Fate, and the arrows of Sorrow; true it is, that Content even with Patience pressed to her heart, cannot escape the darts of her enemies, if the saving hand of Destiny is not extended in her favor, but she ever bears in mind her mother's advice; when she is attacked she applies her mother's gift to the wound, and her sufferings are light; she learns of Piety, that to neglect the means of averting evil is sinful, and she is told by Wisdom that it is useless as well as sinful. Content then is inaccessible to Misery, in vain does the cruel hand of Ingratitude pierce the heart of her victim, the leaves of Patience will extract the poison even from this wound: in vain does Injustice sheath her bitterest arrow in the heart of Content, in vain does Slander assault her with all her numerous tongues; the child of Virtue, the pupil of Piety, is defended by the gift of her mother, by the counsels of her instructress, alike from the weapons of Injustice and the breath of Slander: even although Poverty should assail her with all her manifold ills, the life of Content is never endangered by the shafts of Poverty; though Disappointment should track her every footstep, this matchless daughter of Virtue calls Resignation to her aid, and she defies her enemy; in vain does Ridicule assault her, Content smiles as she draws the dart of Ridicule from her breast; even though Love should stand confessed a traitor before her, though Friendship should forsake her side in the hour of trial, still does Content press the dowery of her mother more closely to her breast; and though Patience may tremble in her hand, still does she grasp it firmly, and still does it soften the sorrow of her who retains this invaluable treasure.

Content, therefore, assisted by Patience, is placed beyond the shocks of Fate; though Disappointment may lay her chill hand upon her, it can leave no marks; though Affliction may visit her dwelling she cannot remain in it, for there she can find no resting-place; her enjoyment is rapture, her suffering is calm endurance; when Happiness is at a distance, her vision is clear and distinct, she hails her with enthusiasm, she runs forward to embrace her; when Misery approaches her, she knows it not till she is standing by her side, for then her sight is narrow and confused; she creates a paradise in the wildernes; she takes Health, by the hand and draws her into her bosom; she is lovely to the eye, she is amiable in the sight of earth; she is precious in the sight of heaven; she wears the crown of Victory, she carries the sceptre of Dominion; and the triumph she achieves is over sorrow: the kingdom she rules is her own destiny.

TO THE ROSE.

Prize of the earth ! who called thee forth
  To bloom the wonder of an hour ?
Who raised thy head, from yon dark bed,
  And placed thee there, thou beauteous flower ?

Whose was the skill, thy cup to fill,
  With hues that shame the bow of heaven ;
Whose the perfume, that shrouds thy bloom ;
  Was it by mortal wisdom given ?

Fair blossom say, whence is thy ray,
  Did earthly limner place it there ?
Matchless in grace, upraise thy face,
  The hand that modelled thee declare.

Bride of the Sun ! no hand but one,
  Could give thy countless beauties birth ;
None but a King, thy form could bring,
  From yonder lowly bed of earth.

Let Power and Pride, approach thy side,
  With Wisdom, Genius, Art, combine ;
In life to trace, thy beauteous face,
  Or mould one glowing leaf of thine.

What meets the view ? not thy fair hue,
  Thou living witness of a God ;
Bright vision, no ! not man below,
  Can draw PERFECTION from the sod.

That hand alone, which cast thee down,
  From Heaven in Paradise to bloom ;
Could from that place, transplant thy grace,
  And crown thee Goddess of perfume.

TO EASE.

Hail! Hail! celestial Goddess, Hail!
Nor fairy lute, nor minstrel's tale,
Like thee can charm the ravished ear;
When thy soft notes so sweet and clear,
Burst through the spells of pain, and shed
Immortal music round the sufferer's bed.

Daughter of God! what price can be,
Too high, too rich, too rare for thee?
Not every flower that Nature blows,
Not every pearl that Ocean grows.
Not every gem on India's shore,
Nor countless mines of virgin ore,
Can counterpoise thee, or beguile,
The weary sufferer like thy smile.

Hail! Hail! sweet harbinger of bliss,
Angel of Heaven! thy balmy kiss;
Thrills through the tortured nerves of Sense,
With blessings from Omnipotence.

ANTICIPATION.

Anticipation, though she draws charmingly, colours so highly, that when the eye of the critic would trace the similitude between the picture finished by her hand and that which is the production of Reality, he is compelled to acknowledge, that though they are both intended to represent the same scene, yet that the likeness between them is so slight, that he can scarcely detect the similitude.

Once, and once only, was the painting of Anticipation a faithful resemblance of that pictured by the hand of Reality, and then the subject of her design was Virtue crowned by Happiness.

AFFECTATION.

Affectation holds a cup filled with paint in her right hand, and in her left she carries a brush, which she continually dips into the mixture, and with it disguises her own countenance. Folly stands by her side, and constantly replenishes the cup; meanwhile Affectation (before whose eyes self-conceit holds so impenetrable a veil that she is often incapable of performing her handy-work with dexterity), fondly persuades herself, that at her approach Admiration lifts her head, and Applause is clamourous in her praise; when in fact it is palpable to every eye but her own, that the smile of Scorn is her only reward, that Disgust is seen following every step she treads, that Good Nature herself can hardly tolerate her presence, and that even Charity is prevented by Common Sense from opening her lips in her favour.

PSALM 100.

Ye nations of the earth arise,
And hymn a loud hosannah to the Sovereign of the skies;
Into his holy presence come,
And praise the God of thy creation in a joyous song.

For 'twas his powerful breath,
That called thy countless numbers from the shades of death;
And 'tis his kingly might
That keeps his chosen household with a parent's sight.

Then seek the temple of thy King,
And to the altar of thy God thy purest offering bring;
Tell all how glorious is his name,
And in a holy strain of gratitude proclaim his deathless fame;

For He the Lord is gracious still,
And with his own right arm of power thy cup of bliss will fill;
His mercy and his truth shall be
A standard gleaming in the sky to all eternity.

WHERE IS THE HOME?

No, earth is not for me,
I've sought my home, but found it not,
Yet Lord I've prayed to thee,
To guide the wanderer to the spot.

Fond Fancy waved to show
  The precious treasure that I sought,
I found the form of Woe,
  Amid the ruin she had wrought.

Yet still again I bent,
  To thee the mighty God of Heaven,
And still thy word was sent,
  That to my prayer a home was given.

The cherub Hope stood by,
  A messenger from Heaven's high God,
She stayed the rising sigh,
  And soothed the murmurer of the sod.

Smiling she waved me on,
  I followed where the Angel led;
And lo! a rising sun
  Was bursting from its eastern bed.

Beneath its golden rays,
  There stood the wanderer's promised home;
The cherub bid me gaze,
  And see my heritage to come.

I looked, and all was bright,
  An Angel might have loved it well,
And left the realms of light,
  Within that Paradise to dwell.

Again the wanderer gazed,
  The sun was darkly overcast,
The promised home was razed,
  The scene without a trace was past.

No! earth is not for me,
I've sought my home but found it not;
Yet Lord! I've prayed to thee,
To guide me to the hallowed spot.

And ends thy promise so?
Thou God, whose brows are crowned in Truth!
Father! is thine the blow,
That casts the promised home on earth?

Thy royal word was given,
That thou wouldst grant a place of rest,
If I would cast on Heaven
The sorrows of my stricken breast.

And did I fail to bend,
A suppliant at a parent's throne?
And didst thou fail to send,
A parent's gracious answer down?

No! and the home of peace
May lie a wreck beneath my eyes;
Still, still, I will not cease
To trust the Monarch of the skies.

Though earth has not a home,
Wherein the wanderer may rest;
Tho' sorrowing, stricken, and alone,
I'll kiss the arrow in my breast.

For sure thy promise stands,
The home is mine, I know it well,
Raised by thy kingly hands,
There Saints and Angels mingling dwell.

'Tis granted to my prayer,
'Tis standing by the throne of grace;
No earthly touch is there,
To mar the heavenly resting place.

'Tis cannopied in light!
There emerald and sapphire glow;
Untouched by earthly blight,
There, there, eternal roses blow!

This is the sufferer's home,
That thou hast granted to her prayer;
Then bear away thine own,
To dwell with thee for ever there.

Set wide the courts of bliss,
And call me to the world above,
I have no home in this,
Nor earth an anchor for my love.

HYMN.

God of Creation! turn and see
The offering of mortality;
God of Eternity! appear,
To mortal homage bow thine ear.

My knee is bent, my trembling soul,
Spurns the dark bondage of controul;
Forsakes her earthly home and flies,
Seeking thy presence in the skies.

Hear, hear her voice, no earthly prayer,
From mortal lips is mingling there;
It is the ransomed soul that sings,
Her praises to the King of Kings.

And did I bid thee turn and see
The offering of mortality?
No, Father! 'tis the spirit stands,
And asks a blessing at thy hands.

Arise, and hear! she does not pray
For blessings on her home of clay;
No! for a richer prize than this,
She seeks thee in the courts of bliss.

One prayer is hers, that one alone,
May Jesus give before thy throne;
Grant it my God! and for the rest,
Do as it seemeth to thee best.

But grant me this, stand forth and be
My guide to immortality;
Now gracious Father bow thine head,
And on my prayer thy blessing shed.

THE MISCELLANY.

Chapter II.

Sincerity and Truth are so closely allied, that it is impossible to offend the one, without grieving the other.

Reputation is despised by none but those who have forfeited their claim to possess her.

The cup from the hand of Recreation is wholesome, and refreshes him who drinks of it; but that held by the hand of Dissipation is poisonous, and adds to the thirst it is intended to allay.

Happy is he whose dearest companions are his own thoughts.

Piety in her infancy is an impulse, in her maturity a principle, in her old age a quality.

Indolence thrives when nursed in the lap of Indulgence.

Affection is free-born, and though she may be won, she will not be purchased.

To hesitate before the commencement of an action is wisdom, after it weakness.

We cannot enter into a league with one sin, without declaring a peace with all.

He who promises what he has not in his power to perform, may draw injury upon his neighbour, and contempt upon himself.

Modesty as surely walks hand in hand with Merit, as Conceit follows the steps of Ignorance.

Ask not for Advice that you do not intend to follow.

Choose not Indiscretion for your friend, though she should approach you in the bewitching form of Candour.

Ennui so hates her own existence, that if Employment does not offer her a quiet and honourable death, she will dispatch herself with the sword of Crime.

Modesty is speechless, but Curiosity may read her secrets, written in legible characters on her countenance.

TO THE CANKERED ROSE-BUD.

Fast fading on thy stem !
Why droops thy beauteous head thou gem ?
E'er Summer's sunny hour,
Why droops thy head thou beauteous flower ?

Why fades thy glowing dress ?
Beaming in native loveliness,
Unscathed by touch of time,
Why bends that slender stem of thine ?

Fair bud ! did Phœbus shed
His beams too hotly on thy head ?
Or did the palmer dare
Approach thy side to revel there ?

Did Night forget to pour
The dewy treasures of her store ?
Did Morning fail to dry
The moisture with her beaming eye ?

Or did Æolus rest,
In whirlwinds on thy downy breast ?
Or did the lightning glide,
In noiseless terror to thy side ?

Fair type of earthy grief!
No palmer is upon thy leaf;
The North-wind does not cast,
On thee the terrors of his blast.

Night feeds thee with her tears,
While Morning, in her train appears,
To dry the pearly drop,
Glistening in thy slender cup.

No lightning round thee plays,
Bright Phœbus sheds his purest rays,
Earth, Air, and Heaven combine,
Perfection round thy stem to twine.

Yet fading on thy stem!
Why droops thy beauteous head thou gem?
Around thee all is fair,
But Death is coldly standing there.

The withering tale is told,
I see thy faded leaves unfold;
Fast ebbs thy life away,
The reveller is on his prey.

No mortal eye could see
The worm begin his feast on thee;
The work of death was done,
E'er to the sight it seemed begun.

Type of the stricken heart!
Fostering thus the poisonous dart;
Thou type of earthly bliss,
Fading beneath the spoiler's kiss!

Thou dwelling of the worm,
Destruction's on thy withering form!
Just so, just so, she stands,
Her victim writhing in her hands.

Her grasp is firmly set,
No mortal hand can part them yet;
She fastens on her prey,
Youth passes in her bloom away.

Life totters on her throne,
Death calmly watches for his own,
At length the sufferer shows
His fate in thine, thou blighted rose.

Though earthly pleasures meet
In countless millions at his feet;
As one by one they fall,
He coldly turns to spurn them all.

Fixed is the glazing eye,
Hark! to that chill and lengthening sigh,
Like yonder worm it shews,
The poisoned spring from whence it flows.

PSALM 93.

The Lord our God is King,
Above his royal head Dominion waves her wing;
His own right arm of might,
Hath woven for himself, a robe of glory, strength, and light.

His was the word, Oh Earth !
That called thy countless children, and thy glowing b
forth ;
Around thee now he stands,
Grasping thy centre with his own immortal hands.

Firm stood thy throne, oh God of might !
Before dark chaos heard thy word and trembled into
E'er Time trod forth upon his race,
Thine essence Lord, in everlasting glory, filled the sp

Loud wave the floods, the angry sea
Lashes the bounds of her immensity ;
Speak, Lord, the gracious word " be still,"
And Ocean at thy voice shall sleep, the vassal
will.

Thy promise Lord is standing sure,
And till Eternity shall cease thy statutes shall endure
As endless Holiness is Thine ;
So must the man be holy too, who kneels before
shrine.

HYMN.

God of my Youth ! to thee I raise
The tribute of my soul's warm praise :
God of my hope ! thy name I sing,
My Father, Saviour, and my King.

For all the blessings thou hast shed
In countless numbers on my head,
A grateful prayer ascends to thee,
Creator of Eternity.

Lord ! let it rest before thy throne,
Given by Jesus as his own ;
Lord ! bend thine ear, the offering take,
Accept it for the Saviour's sake.

My Father ! in his name I pray,
That thou wilt never turn away,
But hear my accents as they fall,
Whenever on my God I call.

In bliss or woe, by day and night,
Regard me with a parent's sight,
Avert the evil ; grant the best,
And smooth the pillow of my rest.

Preserve me from a sinful thought,
Give me to love thee as I ought ;
And when the glass of time is run,
Give me to say " Thy will be done."

FRIENDSHIP SEEKING A HOME.

When Friendship left her birth-place in Heaven to wander among the children of men, finding she required a directress, she took Impulse to guide her steps. Impulse being totally devoid of discretion, carried her mistress into many dangers ; instead of leading her through those paths that ended in honour and happiness, she too often betrayed her into those which led to disappointment and disgrace, and sometimes even brought her into the company of Guilt; in whose presence, Friendship could not even respire freely. In this distress Friendship not finding a resting place for her foot, or a dwelling where she could lay her head in peace, and being besides exceedingly disgusted with those into whose company her guide had brought her, entertained strong ideas of leaving the abodes of man, and returning to her native skies; but being of a benevolent disposition, and having an earnest desire to render mankind happy, she resolved to make one more trial for success. With this view she applied to Reason, who quickly discovered to her, that the cause of all her troubles originated in the disposition and qualities of the guide she had chosen; that Impulse who is the child of Imagination, being born without sight, very commonly borrowed the eyes of Folly, and that though she might sometimes fall into the company of Wisdom, it was only when Wisdom was introduced to her by the hand of Fancy.—Reason suggested that such a guide was most improper to direct the steps of Friendship, who being of a steady and serious temper, loved neither to be guided by Fancy, nor led by Folly.—In consequence of the advice of Reason, Impulse was immediately dismissed from the side of her mistress, who again sought counsel from her divine monitress, who to reward Friendship for the patience with which she had listened to her instructions, bestowed Caution upon her to direct her footsteps. With this new guide, Friendship again entered into the world to seek a dwelling worthy to become her everlasting residence.

The paths she now trod, though not so alluring to the eye as those through which Impulse had directed her feet, were infinitely safer: instead of bringing her into the company of Disgrace and Disappointment, Caution introduced her to the society of Worth and Honour; and Friendship, when attended by this discreet guide, was never again betrayed into the presence of Vice. In every difficulty Caution was to be seen by the side of her mistress to advise *her*, who had sought counsel at the mouth of Reason. Of course with this unerring directress, Friendship found the spotless home she sought, she found it in the abode of Innocence, and when found she dismissed Caution from her side for ever, lest she should be taken by those with whom she lived for Distrust, whom in appearance she somewhat resembled.

ILL-NATURE ASSAULTING GENIUS.

When Ill-nature wished to destroy the life of Genius, she attacked her with the weapons of

Satire, Criticism, and Opposition: this so far from effecting the desired purpose, did but give Genius new life and fresh vigour. Satire improved her, Criticism delighted her, and Opposition did but call forth all her latent energies.

Ill-nature then had recourse to Contempt, and the passive, noiseless weapon in the hand of Contempt, crushed the existence of her whom all the active darts of malice did but delight, instruct, and amend.

MORTALITY.

Yes call her queen! add cost to cost,
Give Europe's wealth, give Asia's boast,
To make the prize more fair;
Still, still, that polished brow must rest,
A dweller, in the Palmer's nest,
Man seek thine idol there!

Behold, where Beauty lies asleep,
See, see, Destruction round her creep,
Her palace is the tomb;
Her eye of fire in death is glazed,
Her canopy of state is raised,
Where yew and cypress bloom.

Her pillow is the earth's cold bed,
The diadem that binds her head,
Corruption in her pride;
Go, bid the sleeper tear away
The fell destroyer from its prey,
And fling it from her side.

Go, tell her that the spoiler's where
Idolatry has breathed a prayer,
And Love has sealed a kiss;
Tell her, her consort is the worm,
Then bid her raise her worshipped form,
And will she answer this?

TO THE AUTUMN OF 1832.

Fast treading Autumn! art thou here so soon?
Methought fair Summer scarce had seen her noon;
And art thou here to ring her knell,
And bury the fair Queen I love so well?
Her form, so beautiful and bright,
Fades, darkly fades, before my aching sight;
Where is the symbol of her reign?
It lies a wreck upon the plain,
The lily in her breast is dead,
All, all, the crowd that called her queen are fled.
Where are her countless subjects? where
Her myrmidons of earth and air?
Born of her breath, she saw them rise,
Bask in the sunshine of her eyes,
Live one short hour of joy, then fall, to show,
That brief is all the fair and beautiful below;
Above the wreck she stands,
Her sceptre falling from her powerless hands.
She gazes round, what meets her view?
Dark Autumn, tis thy mournful hue,
From east to west, she sees thy power,
On wood and plain, on field and flower;
Her last rose in thy path is lying,
The flutterer at her side is dying;

She, she, who late had trod
A delegate from Heaven's high God.
She, she, who late had moved a queen,
A fettered captive at thy throne is seen;
Shed not thy breath upon her face,
Dark Autumn spare that form of grace!
And low before thy shrine,
The Muse shall cast her sweetest flower;
Say, wilt thou spare that form divine,
And give again into her hand the sceptre of her po
Wilt thou away to other lands,
Where Summer ne'er is known,
And there where Desolation stands,
Upraise thy ebon throne?
Vain prayer, thou still art here!
Thy welcome is a mournful tear,
Will nought avail, and wilt thou stay,
And wave above the weeping lands the banner o
sway?
Yes, Autumn yes, for 'tis His will,
And He who made is Sovereign still;
For shall not He whose hand could bring,
The flower of Summer from the germ of Spring,
Lay low the beauteous bloom, to prove to man,
That thus his journey's race is briefly ran;
Then, Hail! Dark Autumn, Hail!
Thine, thine, shall be my lays,
Till speech and numbers fail,
The Muse shall sing thy praise,
For Contemplation treads with thee,
And in her footsteps glides her angel daughter, P
Though beauty in thy path may lie,
Though summer at thy touch may die,
Still, still, my song shall be
A strain of praise to Thee.

A MORNING HYMN.

Author of Good! my knee is bent,
To praise thee for another day;
Author of light! my soul is sent,
Lingering round thy throne to pray.

I bless thee, Lord, that thou hast given
Another sun to rise for me;
And may each beam that falls from Heaven,
Light me upon my way to thee.

Untouched by sin, unscathed by care,
Preserve the spirit in her shrine;
Where'er I step, still hover there,
Hallowing every thought of mine.

And if before the closing day,
The spirit, and the clay shall sever;
Then bear my trembling soul away,
To worship at thy side for ever.

AN EVENING HYMN.

Great Father of a countless race,
My evening incense soars to thee,
Unveil the glory of thy face,
And let thy spirit rest on me.

For all the blessings of thy love,
Thine is the tribute of a prayer;
Take it my God, it soars above,
To find thee in thy temple there.

Lord! let a minist'ring angel glide,
Around the pillow that I press;
Lord, by the weary slumberer's side,
Uplift thy gracious hand and bless.

And if to-morrow's sun shall rise
In other worlds upon my sight,
Then catch my spirit, as it flies,
And bear it to the realms of light.

THE PALACE OF VIRTUE.

Truth and Resolution are the pillars that support the palace of Virtue; Watchfulness sits at the entrance of the dwelling, to preserve her mistress fom the intrusion of obnoxious visitors, and neither Bribery, who stands with Pleasure on the one side, nor Violence, who advances with Intimidation on the other, can prevail on her to desert her post.

In her retirement within sits the mistress of the mansion, adorned with all that can please the eye and delight the heart; her foot presses on the neck of Temptation, she is supported on the right side by Resignation, on the left by Modesty; Virtue herself is meekly receiving instruction from Piety, who teaches her from the book of Divine inspiration, while Pity who is her constant attendant, advances towards her, accompanied by Charity, who offers her a scroll, which she extends her hand to receive; Honour and Happiness repose at her feet, and above her head hovers Fame, who crowns her with a wreath of never dying flowers. Who would not rejoice to inhabit this peaceful dwelling? To be thus taught by Piety, thus crowned by Fame, thus attended by Happiness, thus amiable in the sight of God and man. Who is there but would wish to sit on this throne, to rise thus above temptation, to be thus honored, thus beloved?—None. Virtue is so amiable and so lovely, that all would willingly possess her, but all will not pay the price that is required to purchase her; all would gladly sit on the throne of Virtue, but all will not confine themselves to the paths that lead to that throne; all would willingly obtain her smiles, but all will not propitiate her when she is angry. All, all, would gladly obtain the recompence of Virtue, but all will not offer upon her altars the sacrifice she requires, for that sacrifice is SIN.

HYMN.

Thou giver of another day,
Pour down thy spirit on my way;
Thou mover of yon ball of light,
To Thee I raise my opening sight.

God, Father, Judge, Creator, King,
The glories of thy name I sing,
To Thee my grateful hands I raise,
Accept the tribute of my praise.

Redeemer! yet another name,
From Heaven the glorious title came;
Redeemer, low I bend the knee,
And my glad spirit soars to thee.

Lord may the blessing thou hast given,
Prepare me for the courts of Heaven;
Grant that my course this day may be,
A race of sinless purity.

A SISTER'S LOVE.

A Sister's love! is as the light,
Which pours in showers from yonder height,
Tis lovely as the loveliest drop,
That stands within the lily's cup,
Tis precious as the precious ray,
That ushers in the new born day,

Tis holy as the holy sigh,
Which wafts an angel to the sky ;
Tis changeless as the ocean's bound,
Tis constant as the seasons round,
Tis sweeter than the sweetest rose,
That in the lap of Nature blows,
Tis soothing as the silvery light,
Which falls upon the head of Night ;
Dearer than Spring's first beam,
Dearer than Twilight's gleam,
More brilliant than the costliest gem,
In Beauty's fairest diadem,
Far lovelier than the loveliest flower,
That lies beneath the feet of Power,
Dear as the hue of health,
Dearer than mines of wealth.
A Sister's love ! from heaven it came,
To Heaven it will return again,
A Sister's love ! Peace poured it forth,
To be her emblem upon earth ;
Deathless, powerless to expire,
Tis as an everliving fire ;
It dries away the tear of grief,
It adds new light to pleasure's leaf ;
A Sister's love ! tis far before
The fairest pearl, the purest ore ;
A Sister's love ! tis more of worth,
Than all the treasures of the earth,
Eternal as Eternity,
Unsullied in its purity ;
A Sister's accents ! dear they are,
More precious to the soul by far,
Than all that Melody can pour,
From out her soul enchaining store ;
A Sister's glance, tis dear as light,
More precious to a Sister's sight,
Than wealth, or power,
Or Pleasure's dower ;
A Sister's love ! it will not die,
'Twas made for immortality ;

It cannot find a grave on earth,
Because it is of Heavenly birth,
It is a light that never dies,
From Heaven it came, to Heaven it flies;
It is a chain that binds us here,
And when a sorrowing Sister's tear,
Has fallen upon a Sister's bier,
This love, still holier than before,
Exists in Heaven for evermore.

HOPE.

Hope holds open the book of destiny, and so sanguine is she, that though she sees the indelible marks, left by the chill hand of Disappointment, on the pages she has perused, she yet, in imagination, discerns the finger of Joy, pointing with enthusiasm to the unread characters of the remaining leaves; and she forgets, in the buoyancy of her spirit, that the vision which ever appeared so bright and lovely in anticipation, has in the hour of reality, given to her touch at best but a mingled tissue of light and shade; she forgets this, and fondly believes that in the bosom of Futurity dwells Happiness.

REFORMATION.

When Reformation moves suddenly, talks much, and is confident, mistrust her; she is but the child of Impulse, and a breath from the mouth of her mother is liable to destroy her existence: but when Reformation steps slowly, speaks little, and is so diffident that at times she even questions her own name, then she is the daughter of Reflection, and the counsels and care of her mother will preserve her life till Reformation is changed into Virtue.

PSALM 67.

Almighty Lord of earth and heaven,
Forth from thy presence be thy justice driven;
Unveil thy glorious face, and throw
The rich streams of thy mercy on thy flock below.

Then shall the world, who calls thee King,
In one united voice thy praises sing,
All nations shall confess thee great,
And all with one accord for thy salvation wait.

Let every people meekly raise,
Loud Hallelujahs to their Saviour's praise,
Let all before thy altar bend,
And to their God and King their grateful tribute send.

Let every clime beneath the skies,
Bid one wild stream of rapture to their God arise,
For Judgment Lord belongs to thee,
And thou dost rule the world that thou hast made in
powerful majesty.

Let every people meekly raise,
Loud Hallelujahs to their Saviour's praise,
Let all before thy altar bend,
And to their God and King, their grateful tribute send,

Then Earth shall give her richest store,
And Plenty at thy word her richest gifts shall pour,
For thou shalt bless thine own, Oh! God,
And all mankind shall bow before thy power, and
tremble at thy nod.

THE MISCELLANY.

CHAPTER III.

When the Almighty ordained the Sabbath, Peace left her throne in Heaven, and took up her abode on earth, and into her hand was the seventh day given.

In the footsteps of true Repentance treads Amendment.

He who loves flattery passes a censure on his own understanding, and he who flatters another, insults him.

Relinquish a contested point, if the gaining it will answer no good end but to establish your own opinion.

At the altar of Religion dwells Happiness, and those who seek for her in any other place, will find at best but a specious counterfeit.

He who binds himself by a vow, deprives himself of his own best privilege, his free-will.

In the halls of Economy, stands Hospitality, while Meanness forces herself, an unwelcome guest, into the dwelling of Profusion.

Attempt not to stay the tide of Anger, in its first stormy ebulitions, it will spend itself by its own force, and being weakened, it will become amenable to Reason.

Superstition is the child of Weakness.

Seek not to heal the wound which Ill-temper perpetually makes in her own breast, for if you succeed, she will speedily inflict another, with the weapon which she constantly carries in her right hand.

When Generosity expiates her faults in the temple of Confession, let not Reproach pursue her.

The chain that unites the wicked in friendship is so brittle, that a breath from the mouth of interest will sever it.

Every step we tread in the paths of Guilt creates a thorn for the pillow of Repentance.

TO CLARISSA.

DEDICATED TO A FRIEND.

Clarissa, to thy shrine I'll throw,
All that's precious here below,
Clarissa, to thy feet I bring
My purest offering.

For thee I'll string that lute,
That hath so long been mute,
For thee I'll wake the song,
Silent so long.

For thee I'll touch my lyre,
New strung with living fire,
For thee those strains shall pour.
Ne'er breathed before.

My broken harp for thee,
I'll tune to melody,
Its sweetest notes shall prove,
A tale of love.

Genius and Time shall pour,
On thee their deathless store,
Perfection brings her gem
To form thy diadem.

Fair Science stands to shed,
Her glory on thy head;
While Youth and Wisdom shower
Lustre and power.

Bright as thy earthly fame,
In Heaven is penned thy name,
To dwell unstained by time,
In realms divine.

Grace, Virtue, Genius meet,
Around thy fairy feet,
And Beauty points to show
Her form below.

Ah! that my pen could paint,
Thy attributes less faint,
Ah! that my lyre could bring
A better offering.

Would that my lute could speak,
With melody less weak,
And that my harp would play
A purer lay.

Ah! no my strain is o'er,
My lyre can strike no more,
A mortal cannot tell
Thy praises well.

Then let a Cherub bring,
For thee an offering,
Or let an angel raise
Her kindred's praise.

TO THE WITHERED LEAF OF AUTUMN.

Type of a sorrowing broken heart!
Changed, withered, stricken, as thou art,
Though Desolation by thee stands,
Though Ruin on thee lays her hands,
Though Death above thee rings a knell,
I cannot choose, but love thee well.

I prized thee when in thy fair face,
Beauty was mingling with grace;
I loved thee in thine hour of pride,
When Joy was standing by thy side;
I will not change thou withered leaf,
Though on thee falls the tear of Grief.

Emblem to me of faded bliss!
Receive a sorrowing mournful kiss;
I loved thee in thy youthful hour,
I loved thee in thy day of power,
I'll prize thee still, though yonder sun
Coldly proclaims thy course is run.

Nay, dearer will I love thee now,
Than when on yonder graceful bough
I saw thee waving in thy pride,
While Hope came bounding to my side;
And pointing onwards bid me see
A page of happiness in thee.

Then sweetly did she bid me fling,
Low at her feet an offering,

And in thy bright and spotless hue,
Her earthly emblem to view;
Then with her soft and rosy smile,
She fed thy slender stem the while.

Yet have I lived to see thee die,
And lowly on that bed to lie,
And thus the joy which sprung to birth,
When Spring was visiting the earth,
Is blighted, riven from its home,
Its fragrance dead, its beauty gone.

And yet its memory is dear,
Yes, grateful is the soothing tear;
Enamelling departed bliss,
Dearer than even Pleasure's kiss,
And as fond memory loves the flower,
That tells her of a sunny hour;
And as she waves a chaunt above,
The grave of Bliss, the grave of Love;
So will I seek thy lowly bed,
And sing a requiem on thy head.

TO THE ROSE IN NOVEMBER.

Fair wreck of summer! thou dost seem,
On yonder stem of faded green,
A mournful emblem to show,
That all is vanity below.

Sad empress of a sleeping train !
Queen of a solitary plain !
Like to the last faint wish thou art,
Lingering round the human heart.

As one by one each beauteous flower,
Has bowed beneath the spoiler's power,
So one by one, each bliss of mine,
Has perished at the blast of time.

And as the solitary breast,
Clings to one hope beyond the rest ;
So thou above thy kindred's grave,
Dost still in magic beauty wave.

Thy kindred's grave ! it is thine own,
December on his icy throne,
Will pluck away thy faded stem,
And twine it in his diadem.

And thus the hope, whose tendrils twine
So closely round this heart of mine,
Shall wither at the blast of Fate,
And leave its dwelling desolate.

THE MISCELLANY.

CHAPTER IV.

Jesting upon sacred subjects is like treading upon the brink of a precipice—one step farther and we meet guilt in one case, death in the other.

Close not your eyes in anger with a fellow-creature; when you awake you may have to plead your cause before your own Judge.

Teach your children their duty to God, and you need not instruct them in that they owe to you.

Equivocation as certainly leads to falsehood as Insincerity introduces equivocation.

Vanity, though she may please the eye, will never gain the heart.

Conscience is an unerring guide, and will neither be driven from the right path by Clamour, persuaded from it by Sophistry, nor won from it by Bribery.

If you would gain Esteem, seek her mother, Virtue.

Generosity loves not the company of Extravagance. because she knows, that by listening to her counsels, she would destroy her own existence.

Candour is as assuredly the handmaid of Innocence, as Dissimulation is the attendant of Vice.

In the porch of the temple of Religion sits Self-Denial, and she must be gained before we can enter.

If you would judge your own actions fairly, think of them as the actions of another.

Procrastination is the mildew that too often destroys the promise of a rich and beautiful harvest.

As Silver is brightened by friction, so are the faculties of man by exercise.

If you wish to render Piety attractive, do not enshroud her with the veil of Gloom, or represent her as under the dominion of Severity; dressed in her own attributes she is lovely, and Cheerfulness stands at her right hand; but when arrayed by the assistance of Fanaticism her appearance is repulsive, and her feet are supported by Terror and Despair, while her eyes are strained to see Punishment at a distance.

Suspicion, instead of relishing what is set before her, tastes of it tremblingly, fearing it is poisoned.

When the veil is withdrawn from the face of Modesty, she endeavours to supply the loss with a blush.

Absence endears; Memory serves only to recall the virtues of the departed friend, while over his faults she throws the veil of forgetfulness.

TO THE FIRST LEAF OF SPRING.

Young pledge of spring, the Muse shall bring,
For thee her offering of praise;
Fairer than aught, that man has wrought,
Be thine the tribute of my lays.

Thou precious gem! thy slender stem,
Is nurtured by the hand of God;
A type to prove, his boundless love,
He rears thy beauties from the sod.

Untouched by stain, of wind or rain,
Hope's purest emblem upon earth,
She points to thee, and bids me see
Her fairest anchor bursting forth.

With her right arm, she wreathes a charm,
Drawn from the moisture of thy stem;
Thy peerless ray she bears away
To glitter on her diadem.

Breeze! softly throw, thy breath below;
Phœbus! unveil thy face and see
The child of Spring unfolds her wing,
And sweetly smiles to welcome thee.

Yet dimly gaze, nor let thy blaze,
Mature too soon the opening bloom;
A scorching ray, will light away,
A tender blossom to the tomb.

The flower she rears, 'mid smiles and tears,
Is Nature's fairest and her best;
That's not her own, which fire alone,
Upraises from its lowly rest.

Then softly shine, on this of mine,
When sorrow on the pearl is pressing;
When April's tear, is resting here,
Thy brightening beam will prove a blessing.

Ye showers descend, with Phœbus blend,
Preserve the treasure from decay;
Time! spare the prize, nor rest thine eyes,
On Beauty rising from the clay.

Change not the hue, so dear to view,
Impress not here thy withering hand;
Go shed thy kiss, on all but this,
But let the precious emblem stand.

Vain is the prayer, thou wilt not spare!
Time mocks the voice that bids him stay;
Echo is heard, repeat the word,
While he bends swiftly on his way.

No! fairest, no! the breeze may blow,
Her softest breath upon thy head;
Still Time will fling, fair gem of spring,
Thy beauties on the earth's cold bed.

Though Phœbus pour, his golden store,
In countless rays upon thy face:
Each setting sun, will light thee on,
To find a lowly resting place.

Man! turn and see, a type of thee,
Thou art this pure and peerless gem;
Sinless and fair, untouched by care,
When Youth is bounding in thy stem.

So God will bend his arm, and send,
The nurture that befits thee best:
A sunny hour, a softening shower,
To raise thee to thy home of rest.

And as the leaf, though joy and grief,
Is laid upon its bed of gloom;
So thy brief span, is quickly ran,
And thou art carried to the tomb.

IMMORTAL! look, fair Nature's book,
Holds yet another precious line;
Yon beauteous tree, upholds to thee,
A picture from a hand divine.

Shall not the King, whose power could bring,
A blossom from a home like this;
Again call forth, the sons of earth,
And bear them to the courts of bliss.

His pledge is past, Christ made it fast,
A proof is standing on the sod;
That man shall rise, soar to the skies,
And kneel an Angel to his God.

AFFLUENCE AND POVERTY.

At the table of Affluence presides Plenty, and with Plenty enters Flattery, whose mouth is constantly applied to the ear of the Lord of the Mansion. Flattery bears Imposition in her hand, and Imposition thus introduced, frequently obtains that patronage from Affluence which is the due of silent Merit or the right of suffering Virtue, Beggary here endeavours to force an entrance, and the loud deafening voice of Importunity is heard within the walls. Kindred forgets not in this dwelling to claim her own; and here Civility speaks in her softest and most beguiling accents.

When Affluence opens his lips, Approbation is ready with a hundred tongues to proclaim his words an oracle; his virtues are lauded by the breath of Fame, and engraven by her on tables of stone; over his vices Obscurity throws his darkest veil, and his follies are spoken of by Palliation in a whisper; Extenuation is ever at hand to plead his cause if he is attacked, and if ever Justice lets fall the bandage from her eyes it is at his touch; Adulation prepares his cup, and Applause hovers over his path. But let the scene be changed, let Affluence become Penury, and Observation, when she regards that desolate and silent dwelling, can scarcely believe that it is the same which she once saw inhabited by Pleasure, and wherein Mirth and Revelry appeared to have fixed their everlasting residence. That herd which seemed to exist upon the smiles of Affluence has left him, when his name is changed to Penury, to bear his sorrow as he may, and to drink unaided the bitter cup of Poverty. Flattery is no longer there, she can gain nothing in the house of Desolation, and she forsakes him whom she once made her idol. Imposition troubles not herself to spread her snares for him, who can offer nothing but his compassion to sooth her pretended distress, and the claims of kindred, (though still allowed and remembered when kindred is linked with Affection), are frequently buried in oblivion in that dwelling where consanguinity can gain neither honor nor pleasure. The soft accents of Civility are now commonly changed for the rough tones of Unkindness, and Fame is not unfrequently seen to pass by the abode of Poverty, though Virtue herself may repose within the walls. Palliation lessens not the faults of Penury, but Exaggeration is too often observed to increase their magnitude. Justice at best does but weigh his cause with impartiality, and when he is accused if Affection does not stand forward in his defence, he is without an advocate. The crowd then which clings to the side of Affluence, vanishes when the sun of his splendour is set, and his sky is overcast with clouds, the *crowd* forsakes him. But their is *one* that leaves him not; there is *one* that loves him even the more ardently for his affliction; there is one that not even Power can force from his abode; there is one whose every energy is devoted to his welfare; there is a Being who when she stands by the side of Poverty, extracts the bitterness from his cup of Sorrow, and offers him consolation in her right hand, and the name of this being is FRIENDSHIP.

THE MAGNET.

There is a land of rest,
The dearest and the best,
There is a land where peace,
Will never cease.

There blooms a cloudless sky,
And flowers that never die,
In sunshine or in shade,
They will not fade.

The wanderer knows it well,
'Tis wreathed with many a spell,
Fond Memory treasures not,
A dearer spot.

There twines Affection sweet,
And Love around our feet,
Richer than all the pearls,
Of Eastern worlds.

That spot of earthly mould,
Is set with gems and gold,
It beams in realms afar,
A beacon star.

Though Sorrow may disarm,
All other lands of charm;
Yet still one spot is seen,
In endless green.

Where is that land of peace,
Where love will never cease
And pleasure holds her throne ?
It is our HOME !

Our home, our home, it smiles,
In cities or in wilds,
No time, that spell can sever,
It lasts for ever.

'Tis in that hour alone,
Pressing the flowers of Home,
That man can smiling wave,
Dark Sorrow to her grave.

PRECEPT AND EXAMPLE.

Precept and Example having very charitably agreed beween them to endeavour to amend Crime, it was decided that Precept should first seek his abode for that purpose. She began her task by laying before Crime the folly and danger of the life he led; she further insisted upon the peace and honor that always attended a course of virtue; she brought before the view of him she intended to reform his future punishment and his present unhappy condition; and so persuasive were her words, so unanswerable were her arguments, and so pure and holy were the doctrines she enforced, that Crime paused in his career, listened with respect and attention to his monitress, and it is even said he left unfinished an act of injustice and fraud he had commenced. Precept, perfectly satisfied with her success, and believing she had fully accomplished her mission, quitted Crime, and pursued her own course.—Crime, when left to himself, did not long profit by the admirable instructions he had received. He narrowly observed the future conduct of his instructress, and discovering that her practice did not always coincide with her theory, he held himself excused on this account from benefitting by the admirable lessons he had received from her. He remarked (and so wicked and depraved is Crime, he remarked it with satisfaction), that although Precept extolled charity, benevolence, and moderation, yet that she herself was often guilty of acts of oppression and extortion. He delighted to observe, that she who by her words extolled piety as the basis of every virtue, was occasionally known to encourage sentiments and affections, which so far from agreeing with the doctrines she professed, were directly opposed to them. The purity and innocence she taught she did not prastise; and therefore Crime, so far from reaping any advantage from the excellence of her counsels, considered them but as proofs of the hypocrisy of his adviser, and instead of becoming a proselyte to the opinions that Precept had urged upon him, he endeavoured to persuade himself that those opinions must be false, and that religion a pious fraud which elicited from this, its most strenuous advocate, no better proofs of its truth and goodness. Precept, therefore, when not seconded by Practice, had no effect whatever in softening the heart of Crime.

Example next sought the abode of him she wished to serve; she did not, as Precept did, urge many arguments upon Crime; her words were few, but those few she did utter were in strict accordance with her actions; she knew the best proof that could be given of the truth and goodness of the religion she professed was to shew its beneficial effects on her own conduct. She was aware that no testimony which she could bear to the excellence of charity, moderation, piety, and virtue, would carry any weight unless she proved her sincerity by her practice.

The effects of Example upon Crime were slow, but they were certain; at first he thought that the lessons of Example were as fallacious as those of her predecessor, but by minute and imperceptible degrees Example won even upon the heart of Crime; he saw the beauty of religion fully proved in the person of its professor; he saw the good effects of Virtue on the heart of her follower; he saw that piety, charity, and moderation rendered their possessor amiable and beloved; he discovered that goodness and innocence were rewarded with happiness *here*: and he at length learnt to believe that they would be rewarded by happiness *hereafter*. In short, Example effected, by her unpretending piety, by her undeviating integrity, and by her perfect sincerity and consistency, that change in the heart of Crime which all the persuasions of Precept, when aided by the force of rhetoric and the assistance of argument, had not been able to produce, and Crime became REFORMATION.

ON EASTER DAY.

Christ rises from the tomb!
He breaks the entwining bands of death, he bursts the gates of gloom.
Christ rises from the grave!
Again he treads with mortal footstep on the world he died to save.
The Son of Man with dust was numbered,
The Son of God with ashes slumbered;
Before the stroke of Death he bent his head,
A mortal, in a mortal frame, the Saviour bled;
The King of Terrors bore away
The spirit from the suffering clay,
He triumphed in the hour
That gave the Sovereign Lord of Life the victim of his power;

A rock hewn cave,
Was the Saviour's grave;
Hate watched by his side,
Fell Malice and Pride,
Surrounded the bed,
Where Christ laid his head;
Death closely guarded his glorious prize,
A ray of fire in his kindling eyes;
Triumphant his glance,
He bent o'er his lance;
Rejoicing that God,
Laid the slave of his nod;
While his blood-stained arm
Was wreathing a charm,
His victim to keep
In an endless sleep.
Dissolved is the spell; for the Lord of Life,
Starts from the bier with new being rife;
Mocked of his prize,
Death sees him arise,
nd stand again his Sovereign Lord before his awe-struck eyes.

Waked by his own right hand,
Behold the Saviour stand!
armed by his own right arm of might,
e, see, the Prince of Power uprises to the sight!
God of the Blest,
Does he stand confest,
Prophet and King
Whose fiat could fling
Death from his throne;
Rob the Grave of her own,
Who stands on the sod,
King, Saviour, and God.

THE MISCELLANY.

CHAPTER V.

Those who are proud of external advantages acknowledge their mental inferiority.

The most cruel arrow in the quiver of Adversity is that which is barbed with the ingratitude of those we love.

Repulse not a good thought, lest it should never return.

He who constantly repeats in one company what he hears in another, carries a fire-brand in his right hand and the seeds of discord in his left.

Imagination is blind, and if she does not borrow the eyes of Reason, she will certainly see with those of Folly.

Good Breeding cannot exist in that dwelling where Feeling is banished.

Habit is a tyrant, while Nature is an easy mistress.

When Piety assists at the toilet of Genius, she renders her irresistible.

Silence sometimes opens the door to falsehood.

As we are ignorant of the contents of an unexplored mine, so we know not the capabilities of the soul till they are called into action.

Improvement steps slowly; if she attempts to hurry, she stumbles.

Prudence employs Temperance to spread her table.

When the tear of sympathy falls from the eye of Affection, it becomes a precious gem on the breast of Sorrow.

When Waste enters the abode of Plenty, Want, who always follows her as though he loved her, treads in her footsteps.

When Curiosity walks with Wisdom, she drinks of the Cup of Knowledge; but when she associates with Folly, she is refreshed by the hand of Mischief, and sometimes of Sin.

ON PRAYER.

A thought may be sufficient to constitute a prayer, and a prayer calculated to draw down from the Father to whom it is addressed his peculiar blessing. Prayer is the action of the soul, and the soul may address herself to the Creator without even the movement of the lips; the heart may withdraw itself from the world, and entreat the blessing of the Almighty, even whilst we are prosecuting our earthly concerns

Prayer is always the same—an address to the same being—an offering of the same spirit—whether we kneel in our retirement, with no other witness but God and our own conscience, or whether we stand surrounded by hundreds of our fellow creatures; whether in the midst of our earthly employments we snatch a brief moment from the world, and ask the protection of the Almighty; or whether as we kneel before his altar, we there entreat his blessing; still in ALL places, and at ALL times, prayer is the same—it must be from the heart, or it is valueless—it is worse than valueless—it is a mockery; it is raising an altar to the Almighty, and laying thereon no other sacrifice than hypocrisy; it is calling upon God at the very moment we are most offending against him—it is entreating a blessing from our Father when we are doing our utmost to deserve a punishment from our Judge. Prayer is always within our power; it requires no talent, no exertion; it calls for no sacrifice but the sacrifice of the thoughts; and immersed, sinfully immersed in the world, must be that soul which cannot withdraw herself for a brief space from the scene of her earthly enjoyments, and entreat the blessing of her Redeemer.

By Prayer does the immortal soul enter the presence of her immortal Creator. By Prayer do we wrest (as it were) the blessing which God holds in his hand, to bestow it on those who entreat for it; and shall we dare to believe that he will pour his benefits on the ungrateful? that he will exert his power for those who confess it not? or that he will interpose his arm to save those who ask not his protection?

Prayer is the only return we can make to God for all his numberless, his precious blessings; he commands no other, he asks but the tribute of a grateful prayer when he pours happiness upon his creatures in the form which they esteem most pure and perfect; and shall they refuse this? Shall they, in their eagerness to enjoy his blessings, forget the hand which has bestowed them all? Shall they, in the very hour when he has fulfilled every wish they have breathed in their helplessness and distress, when he has removed their sorrow and delivered them from their affliction with his own right hand, shall they forget in that hour of rapture to bless him? to offer the only sacrifice they CAN offer, an earnest, a sincere, a grateful prayer? When God has inclined his ear to the voice of the prisoner, when he has with his own arm wrought deliverance for the captive, shall not the first effusions of joy and happiness be dedicated to him who has done this? When he has answered the cry of supplication, shall he not hear also the voice of praise? When he has poured the oil of his mercy into that wound which was beyond the power of man to cure, ought he not to receive the tribute of gratitude? when he has wiped away the tear which dimmed the eye of the sufferer, shall not that eye be raised to him in grateful thankfulness? When he has placed in the hand of Helplessness the power of blessing all within its reach, shall not that hand be lifted in gratitude to the author of all good? Never may the hand so endowed, never may the heart so comforted, fail to do this; never may the soul which God has sustained in the hour of affliction fail to bless him in the day of deliverance. When God has created an Eden in the desert, let not Gratitude fail to erect therein an altar to his holy name.

HYMN.

Great Father! listening bow
Thine ear to mortal cry;
Accept, Oh blest Creator!
The prayer of fervency!

Oh God of countless millions,
Thy spirit pour on me;
And waft on wings of glory,
My waiting soul to thee.

The world! the world is sinking,
Its lights are fading fast!
Its loves, its griefs, its pleasures,
Are things that cannot last.

Save me from mortal blight,
Earth is a thorny wild;
God! Father and Creator,
To bliss call home thy child.

THE HOLY PLACE AND SPOTLESS HOUR.

Go, ask of Purity to shed,
A ray of light upon thy head!
And find the place where thou can'st stand,
And clasp Perfection by the hand!
When Sin lies trodden at thy feet
And guardian angels round thee meet;
When every thought is free from stain,
And Eden blooms on earth again;
When Innocence from Heaven descends,
And to thy side her footsteps bends;
When every mortal passion sleeps,
And Piety a vigil keeps;
When Earth and all her gorgeous store,
Her power, her rank, her precious ore,
Her joys, her griefs, her every care,
Lie buried at the foot of Prayer;

That solemn hour when Mercy stands,
And crowns thee with her gracious hands;
That hour when God from out his throne,
Pours down a pardon on his own.

Where is the place where thou mayst see
Thy Saviour in his purity?
Where man may kneel before his God
A Saint while fettered to the sod?
When is the hour when man may stand,
Sinless as when his maker's hand,
Placed him in Paradise to be,
His own to all eternity?

Thinkst thou this place may not be found
By mortal upon mortal ground?
Thinkst thou that there is not an hour
When Earth and all within her power,
Lies at thy feet, unloved, unsought,
Despised, forsaken, and forgot?
Yes, there is yet one holy place,
Where man may see his Saviour's face,
Go to his altar! bend thou there,
Lift to thy God the voice of prayer!
Sin's power is past! taste of the bread!
Forgiveness hovers round thy head;
Kneel at his table, drink the wine,
Glory pours forth a ray divine,
Thou kneelest in thy maker's eyes,
An angel fitted for the skies;
Sinless as when his holy light,
First fell upon thy infant sight;
Spotless as when thy infant thought,
First for a father's favor sought;
Thy Saviour's eyes are on thee now,
He stamps his seal upon thy brow,
In characters of living flame,
A sainted spirit pens thy name;

Thou art redeemed: uplift thy face,
Jesus pours down a ray of grace,
The cross is gleaming on thy breast,
Thy soul has found her place of rest,
Rise from the altar! thou art free,
Sainted for all eternity.

FINIS.